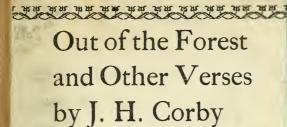


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CORBY, J.H.
Out of the Forest and
Other Verses.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA RIVERSIDE







OUT OF THE FOREST & OTHER VERSES

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BLESSED IS THE YOUNG MAN

LESSED is the young man Who, when days are long, Fills his eyes with pictures, Stores his heart with song.
When the sun is waning, When the shadow nears, Music still and sweetness Light the speeding years. In the gathered twilight, Smiling, he shall say 'Never can the past be taken Any time away.'

Summer in the meadows
When the blossom falls;
Snow upon the ranges
Where the raven calls;
Cloud that strides the moorland,
Challenge of the breeze,
Solitude and starlight,
Sun and tossing seas,
Rains, and roads of travel—
Gifts of dark and day—
Never can the past be taken
Any time away.

b

BLESSED IS THE YOUNG MAN

Glories known in secret
Hopes the heaven that climb,
Great unflagging visions
Of all space and time,
Scents that in the silence
Wake the thought to weep,
Loneliness of passion,
Loveliness of sleep,
Swift heart-linking laughter,
Friendship strong to sway—
Never can the past be taken
Any time away.

Striving hands are idle,
Searching eyes are still,
Feet that once were eager
Falter on the hill;
Yet within the heart singing
Lives the voice of joy,
'God cannot restore the past—
Nor can He destroy!'
Sleep we or awaken,
Die the soul or stay,
Never can the past be taken
Any time away.

THE QUEEN'S SONG, RIDING TO HERMITAGE

IDE with me, wind, my comrade here, And stormy voice of the moorland rain! And mist and cloud at the wind's wild will Follow me on o'er dale and hill, While tumult of water sings in my ear And clamour of gallop beats in my brain, And silver torrents leap from the sky Lacing with foam the brown hillside, And echo shouts as my steed sweeps by, And the whole world's passion follows my ride.

Ride with me, wind of the great grey spaces! All of myself do I yield to thee. Chide me, buffet me, cleansing rain; Wash my soul from sorrow and stain; Till, quenched and banished the fears and faces, The path of the fire of my heart be free; Till veil-like, vision-like, fall and fade

From brow and bosom the care that chills, As the sad cloud-cloak by the sea-wind laid

The north-wind tears from the crests of the hills.

Cry out, O wind, to the skies above, Wheeling on wide invisible wings! Wild is thy heart with wordless tears, And sorrow of all the faded years.

THE QUEEN'S SONG

But mine is hot with the glow of love,
And young with the youth of a thousand springs.
Give me thy voice, and my heart is thine;
I give thee joy of the wealth of my store;

Cry it aloud till the bare hills shine
With light resplendent for evermore!

Go forth, sweet wind, and a man's heart stir.
Call to him, wind, with soft strong breath.
Take to him life, and love's increase—
Health to his hurt, to his heart's hurt peace.

Tell him thou art a messenger.

Tell him another followeth!

Ah, swift I fly to follow my will,
Aflame I follow, nor faint nor rest,
Till his own dear arms my passion still

Till my head be bowed on my love's dear breast.

THE WESTERN SEA

AL L countries known to faring foot,
Rich-fruited fields, and desolate,
Their shoulders fall, and vales unfold,
And voiceful waters meet and mate;
And down the wandering roads descend,
And wind at last to the wide gate.
The western sea is full of isles
And clouds of sunset far away.

Sea-birds that float, sea-flowers that cling,
They hear the call in cleft and cave,
Where of all lands the rampart stands
In armoured splendour, great and grave—
Thyme-scented, cormorant-haunted coasts,
And cliffs that over-watch the wave—
The western sea is full of isles
And clouds of sunset far away.

The ships put out from pleasant bays
Of sleeping hues and vagrant wings.
The everlasting quest compels,
The unaging beauty spreads and springs.
Before their eyes the world's width lies,
And in their wake the salt wind sings
The western sea is full of isles
And clouds of sunset far away.

THE WESTERN SEA

The heart of ocean heaves and shines,
The clear lights change, the mists dislimn,
The fleet and varying radiance fades
Beyond the curve of the earth's rim.
The lover, man, must follow still;
The whispered summons conquers him,

The western sea is full of isles
And clouds of sunset far away.

His lonely path the gold sun treads
To founts of fire and lakes of light;
And the huge concourse of the stars
Wheels forward in immortal flight.
The ages unexplored await,
The vast of space is infinite.
The western sea is full of isles
And clouds of sunset far away.

Ah lover, man! and wilt thou find
Beyond those stars the secret thing—
The glory know that woke the glow
And hunger of thy visioning?
For ever through the deep it drives,
Nor is there end to journeying.
The western sea is full of isles
And clouds of sunset far away.

THE PASSION OF LIFE

THE nightingale, whose voice doth start
Across the dark so full and sweet,
She hath no passion in her heart,
But happiness complete.
'Tis in the listening poet's breast there stirs
The breath of passion, and he calls it hers.

Children that shout in merry tone
The fields and summer lanes along,
The wandering child that sings alone
An aimless little song,
Content and gladness thrive and shine in these;
But passion quickens in his soul that sees.

The boy and maid with love elate
In joy of strength beneath the sun,
The old man standing by his gate
At peace, his labour done,
The passer looks upon, and straight doth glow
Passion within him that they do not know.

The life that blossoms in the rose,
That with desire all hearts doth chain,
Sees not itself, but ever goes
Its way in joy and pain.
But to man's mind the hour of vision still
Therecomes, and with this passion stranged oth fill.

I WENT OUT AT MORNING

WENT out at morning
To walk the meadows wide,
And saw them all standing
In happy spring showing
Of apple-blossom, plum-blossom,
Pear-blossom, peach-blossom,
Cherry-blossom, almond-blossom,
All together blowing.

As onward I wandered
A maiden I espied,
Her sweet eyes shining,
And her young cheeks glowing
With apple-blossom, plum-blossom,
Pear-blossom, peach-blossom,
Cherry-blossom, almond-blossom,
All together blowing.

Come with me and wander
About the fields of spring.
The white-thorn is waking,
The beech-leaf growing.
There's apple-blossom, plum-blossom,
Pear-blossom, peach-blossom,
Cherry-blossom, almond-blossom,
All together blowing.

I WENT OUT AT MORNING

The song-thrush and skylark
Shall speed our wandering,
And the new sun climbing,
And the freed brook flowing,
And apple-blossom, plum-blossom,
Pear-blossom, peach-blossom,
Cherry-blossom, almond-blossom,
All together blowing.

LITTLE POOL-ELF

As ever in the meadow-grass is seen,
A tiny forest of entangled green,
By one who lies and peeps. With gentle care
My finger draws aside the floating screen
Of weed, and lo, a lovely garden there,
With groves of coloured foliage, and the sheen
Of starry flowers. Anemones all wear
Their coronets of red. Fine silver sand
And stone deep-tinted make a terrace bright
As castle-pavements of Arabian kings.
A momentary glimpse of fairyland
Still in the morning sun! And to the light
Ethereal creatures spread their filmy wings.

MAY RAIN AT EVENING

INDER than any suns are they,
The rains of May,
That drip and talk among new leaves,
And all the sorrow from the heart that grieves
Do wash with tears away.
Jewelled the grass droops, brims the buttercup,
And fragrance thrice distilled hawthorn yields up.

West the clouds herd. Sky-glimpses eve restores; And bridge-like over heaven the great arcshines and soars. Colour stands glorified, the clear light showing Deeper the humid blue, the gold more glowing.

Strong rain, bright rain,
Beat upon the brow;
Full upon the face
Let the tears fall now;
Fresh upon the cheek weep,
The heart knows how,
While the young sap surges
In the bud upon the bough;
While the young heart surges,
The young tongue sings,
And the life-tide floods
With the laughter of the springs!

THE COMPLAINT OF THE GRASSHOPPERS

'Grasshoppers were seen in the weeds'—
Hakluyt's account of Columbus' approach to America.

JYHY left we home—the ferns, the shadows cool, The twilight, and the lilies of the pool? Whyleft we home-the perfumes warm, the rays That sword-like search at noon the forest ways? Here is no voice to cheer us in the hush Of sun-glare, but the everlasting gush And murmer of the unresting waters, hills And hollows that melt and change, that no calmstills. Here the blue dome of heaven unshadowed sleeps, And the clean curve of the horizon sweeps To left and right, unscarred by reef or peak To hearten us with hope. The waste is bleak; And great cold birds, companionless and grey, From the far south sail up, and journey away. Frail is the floor beneath us, and below What terror lurks we would not dare to know-Dumb depths of dark, unstirred by storm or tide, Where vast and voiceless monsters gleam and glide. Why left we all we took delight in, all The pleasantness and peace of home, to fall A prey to daring folly? Nevermore Shall our toil-aged vision see the shore, The silver shore we played on, nor the creek By which our brethren dance. We cannot seek

THE COMPLAINT OF THE GRASSHOPPERS

And find again the life we knew of old
In days untroubled, nor again behold
The mighty leaves that shroud the glades in gloom,
Nor watch the parrot stretch a snowy plume,
While gem-like elfin wings, minute in grace,
Dart laughing sunward in each open space;
Nor shall our ears again amid the green
Hear the sweet plash of woodland wells unseen;
Nor evermore our hearts be thrilled to hear
Our people's happy song, the sound of all most dear.'

Thus sighed the adventurers, who had joyed to be Wind-swept at sunrise to the open sea—
Now soaked and worn their strong and leaping limbs, Quenched their melodious skill in summer hymns. But one, the leader, dauntless even so late, Lifts up his spirit to confront his fate; And gazing forth, his undefeated eyes Embrace a wonder new, and boldly now he cries:—

'Look up, faint hearts, and put aside your fear! The portent that we prayed is visible here, At hand to comfort and confirm the brave. See what a blossom floats upon the wave—A giant flower with spreading petals white, A lily of the dawn! What pools of light In the high garden of the gods, what streams Of youth and freshening fire beyond our dreams Did cradle it and nourish! Even as we, Exiled it wanders on the homeless sea;

THE COMPLAINT OF THE GRASSHOPPERS

But still superbly does it tower and shine And life moves in its heart, tremendous and divine. Look up, faint comrades! Hope the gods restore. Beyond the ocean is another shore. True, true, the tale—the islands of the blest, Whose bliss shall heal the longing in each breast! Beyond the desert waters there are hills, And honey-fragrant fields, and trembling rills, And lakes serenely pure, and tongue-sweet herbs, And kindly skies that never gale disturbs. And if indeed our iron fate it be To perish here, nor that far splendour see With mortal eyes, be sure our spirits past Shall bound upon the billows, and at last Victorious come to the enchanted plain, Our consolation, and the end of pain. There stranger friends shall greet, and we shall sing And dwell beyond the sun, by morning's secret spring.'

CUPID WITH DOLPHIN

Your clear and tranquil eyes, your child's face formed

For truth and thought, what little wind of joy, What impish gust of roguery and frolic Has blown away your wisdom? On small feet You race, you dance on poised and lovely wings, And smile with mischief a droll smile, your locks Blown backward, as in clasping arms you bear The poor limp fishy thing.

ANOTHER STATUE

I G H T hips, lean loins, smooth-muscled trunk and strong
Bearing the breadth of chest in perfect poise,
As the great neck the gallant head. One whole
From slender instep up to spreading might
Of shoulder soars the body, like a beech
Or a proud temple-pillar. Motion too
Is here, alert, buoyant, and musical,
Instinct with life—to run, to dance, to fight,
To ride the rebel surges. What soft curves
Of womanhood can ever be compared
With this triumphant splendour?

THE FIGURE-HEAD

A R E is my brow to the breeze, back-blown my locks and free,
Under my glad foot the great fields of the sea!

The playmate dolphin swims;

The petrel races and skims;

The spouting wave salutes, the wild wind follows me.

Away to the left and right the hooped horizon spreads. The surges whisper and sing and ruffle their crested heads.

Their hasty wrath they rouse And gird at the plunging bows,

But steadfast gaze I ever where sky with the waters weds.

Bare is my breast to the storm, gallant my heart and free, Under my proud foot the huge path of the sea!

> Steadfast gaze I afar, Following sun and star.

Away to the end of the world a wanderer I will be!

COLTSFOOT

NCLOAKED, erect, minute, and bold, Unflinching in his stubborn hold, Spreading a myriad slender rays, A mimic sun of gallant gold,

A little knight and errant king That leads his armies conquering, A tiny tongue of light, a spark From the onrushing fire of spring—

His flaming pennon first of those That follow the defeated snows On sand and slag-heap shines, and in The mire of desolation glows,

While healing life the heart reprieves, And swallows find remembered eaves, And lark-song shimmers in the air, And great buds burst to little leaves.

COLOUR

OUCHES of colour loves my friend—flecked rose Upon a cloud that flies, Sun-tint on wheeling wing, blue cornflowers in repose On a girl's breast who has June-lake-blue eyes. He looks for these; but I think otherwise. Subtlety nor daintiness My grosser mind intrigues. I would have colour massed and blazing— Breadth to smite And fill and bless And hurt the sight, So the heart be stunned and stricken From its nice appraising. As the flowers the summer rain My eye would drink, till joy have edge so keen That it become a pain, World-wide seas of flaming green-Hills of gentians-leagues and leagues Of blood-orange sunset light.

BEES IN LAVENDER

SEEKERS of sweetness for storing,
Why come ye thus habited, furred as for Arctic exploring,
Here to the heart of the summer the verient best of it.

Here to the heart of the summer, the veriest beat of it—Wellspring of perfume, and beauty, and life-giving

heat of it?

O ardent impetuous toilers!

Invincible, clamorous, arrogant blossom despoilers! Why crowd ye where lavender slumbereth, breathing serenely

Her lovely luxuriance, dove-grey, delicate, queenly?

But hear the melodious chorus—

A solemn monotonous murmuring, softly sonorous; 'The summer is flying, and passeth the time of our reaping!

The summer is dying, and lavender dieth in sleeping!

'When chill of the autumn approacheth, Our fur shall be armour to guard us from frost that encroacheth;

When withered is lavender, vanished the beauty she

vaunted,

By fragrance enduring our homes and our cradles be haunted.'

THE PIT PONY

HAT are you thinking of,
Old pit pony,
Here in the murk
And the dirt of the town;
Here in the dust
Of the foul air, stale-smelling,
What are you dreaming of,
Old Broken-down?

'Over the rocks of Shetland the great gale storms and sings,

Full of the stir of voices and beat of beautiful wings. Shoreward the hasting hordes of the surge, enormous, pour and curl—

Clearest of green, and drift-white foam, and sun-shot

glistenings.'

What are you watching,
You gaunt old toiler,
Here on your grass-patch,
Trodden, full of stones—
You with your lean ribs,
Glazed eye, spavined legs,
What do you stare at,
You old bag of bones?

'The hills of Shetland shine with summer, her pasture sleeps unworn; The skua wheels on the drifting breeze, the rain-

The skua wheels on the drifting breeze, the raingoose winds his horn;

2 I

The lark leaps up to the lighted cloud and trills in the midnight sky,

And the deep northern afterglow melts dreaming

into morn.'

Is that the vision,
You queer old veteran,
Haunting your spirit
Now your eyes are blind;
Now that the years
Of your labour have left you
Outworn, age-weak,
All toil behind?

'The flung wave scales the windward cliff, the salt spray drives to lee,

And hoofs are beating a merry tune, and long manes

blowing free,

On springing turf with the thyme o'ergrown, and scilla's clustered stars,

And sea-blue scabious, bee-beloved, in blossom above the sea.'

What of your masters,
You tired old pensioner?
Toil is while strength is,
Visioning is vain.
Labour and squalor here
Are their fate as your fate—
Prison that opens not,
And burden of pain.

'The light boats lift to the giant swell, and ride as petrels ride,

Where folk who are free as I was free take tribute

from the tide.

My brothers' backs with the peats are laden, out of the fragrant hills,

That folk who are free as I was free may rest at a

sweet fireside.'

Exiles I think we are, You wise old being, Changed are the happy fields For dark ways and stony; Nor is there returning For fate-driven mortals: Exiles we all are, Man as well as pony.

'My masters know not home, nor hope; and dreamless fades their day.

But a home is mine, and a dream is mine, and happier

I than they.

The south-wind fills the arch of the dark, a rushing

river of air,

And forth to the dark shall pass my spirit, and take the homeward way.'

AS I WENT OVER THE MOOR

A S I went over the moor alone,
The wine-clear wind with musical moan
The heath did stir; of rain a smurr
From dove-grey-breasted cloud was blown.

As I went over the empty hill
Old days and dead my mind did fill—
Days when I dreamed, and watched, and wandered,
E'er sorrow knew me, or toil, or ill.

As I went over the lonely lea,
A little shadow went with me;
A little memory, living, questing,
Wayward, fleet as the wind and free.

Lighter than birch-leaf gold adrift
Or frail grouse-down that the breezes lift,
So he moved in the days long vanished—
Eager and small, alert and swift.

Little white feet with dainty grace
Flitted, and poised, and flashed in chase
Where secret life of the wild things passes
That no man's patience or skill can trace.

Little black nostrils to and fro
Searched the air-streams that stray and flow,
Sensing a thousand things of wonder
That I know not nor ever can know.

AS I WENT OVER THE MOOR

Little hot fire that burned and shone So keenly, and so quickly upon The darkness died, was lost and swallowed-Utterly gulfed in night and gone-

How strange to see at the call of fate That quick flame kindle and abate; Your pathway taken, your journey ended, While I stood yet at my own life's gate!

Man is as grass, the wise do say; Yet in his early-darkening day What generations of friendly things O'erpass him on the appointed way!

Surely some genial god, that aids Us mortal beings, among the shades Shall give us again to meet, my friend, Where partings are not, and no dream fades;

And I shall wander where hopes abound Unwithered, in youth no sorrow has found, And you will circle and range for ever There, in a happy hunting-ground.

THE LOVER ENTERING

CAME into the meadow where thy feet Pass and repass in mazy wandering, And of thy beauty wind-stirred leaves did sing, And with a glimmer of thy radiance greet.

I came into the garden that is thine, And all its springing herbs of thee did tell, And there thy very presence seemed to dwell, And with a grace serene did brood and shine.

I came into the cottage, thine own realm—
Thy dear task saw, thy scarcely-vacant chair—
And thy sweet light did blaze so brightly there
It did my dazzled spirit overwhelm.

So, at the inmost door that hideth thee I cannot knock, my heart so knocks in me!

THE LOVER LISTENING

I F all the dead who sang in vanished years Young fiery songs of world-old sweetness fair Their skill united in harmonious rare Full flood of music for enraptured ears;

If all the birds that haunt the airy ways— The evening thrush, the blackbird after rain, Lark, robin, wren, reed-warbler—in a strain Of blended melody did summer praise;

If all the little merry brooks that chime In streaming hollows of a sun-bless'd hill In power and splendour swelled, and heaven did fill With a great miracle of jubilant rhyme;

These hearing, faintlier would my heart rejoice Than at one whisper of that happy voice!

THE LITTLE PRINCESS

USHED, where the pleasant wood Borders the field, she stood, The little princess Who wandered alone.

Sunshine and shadow played, Bird-voices music made, All summer laughed to her, Loved as her own.

Radiantly aureoled Glimmered her mane of gold, Back from her temples

Wind-tumbled and twirled; Hands held her dress's fold Small as white butterflies; Flower-blue her troubled eyes Gazed at the world.

'Woods that are kind to me, Lawns where I love to be, Ah, must I leave you,

And grieve you?' she said.
'Farewell to forest green
When I am crowned a queen!
Farewell to freedom dear
When I am wed!

'Larks with melodious phrase Thrilling the airy ways— Must I leave linnet-song, Mavis and merle? Must I leave sky and wood For prisoned womanhood, Lost all the laughter

And joy of a girl?

'Nay,' cried she, 'wishes three At birth were granted me. If I must wed

It is not with the wise. Never a solemn king Mine, but youth's cloudward wing! I'll wed a singing bird

Out of the skies.'

Lo, at her silken skirt Hopped a lark, lamed and hurt. To his trailed pinion

Quick stooped she, and caught. Clasped in her fingers white Fluttered his heart of fright. 'Now be a prince,' she said, 'Fair as my thought!'

Then, at the word of power, Young as the dawn-dew's hour Stood a man by her,

Swift, supple, and strong, Wind-light the grace of him, Sky-clear the face of him, Eyes full of sunshine And lips telling song.

But, as she gazed at him Startled, amazed at him, Sweetly and earnestly

Prayed he, knee bent,
'Ah, lady, set me free!
Make not a man of me,
Who am child of the wild
And innocent!

'I love the fields like you— Morning and evening dew, Thunder-cloud shadow

And noon-glow of day, Voice of the wind unseen Tossing the forest green, Rains of the spring-time, And blue sky, and grey.

'Better to soar and sing, A little feathered thing, Atom of joy

In the void of the dome, Than face the toil and tears, Burden of human years. Ah, lady let me go

Back to my home!'

Straightway she turned to him, Though her heart burned to him, And, for the second time Word of power spoken,

THE LITTLE PRINCESS

Under her fingers white Trembled the heart of fright, Quivered the hapless wing Bleeding and broken.

Pitiful then she said,
'Go, little lover mine,
Go, soar once more and shine
Vibrant with song.
E'er I go forth to wed,
Take my last wish. Be whole!
Have joy, unsullied soul,
All your life long!'

Dream gone and wishes gone, Round her the summer shone. Smiling through tears she stood

With ardent eyes,
While from her hand's caress,
Bursting with happiness,
Up went the singing bird
Into the skies.

ON THE LILY'S GOLDEN TONGUE

N the lily's golden tongue
Thrusting through her bell of snow
Tiniest elves have built a town.
Stately walls and domes have sprung
Cloudward, with a shining crown
Of towers, and highways grandly go
Winding up and down

On toward the glimmering Castle of the elfin king.

He with tranquil pride and gracious Looks upon his kingdom spacious— Bridge and buttress nobly set, Battlement and minaret

Fairy-wrought, And his flowering garden wide By the summer glorified,

Lovely beyond thought, Where in armies, row on row, Golden tongues and bells of snow, Flawless moonlight lilies grow.

AS CHILDREN TO THE SEA

As children to the sea
Dance down with laughter,
So this sweet tumult
Of little rivers,
Singing and tumbling
One another after,
From pool to fairy fall
Hurries and quivers.

Whence born we know not—From what strange mingling Of clouds and great seas,
Moons and hot day-time—
Now for a moment,
Leaping and tingling,
They are themselves, and joy In their short playtime.

Whither we know not,
Their quick mirth leaving,
They pass and vanish
To deeps that bore;
Whose age-old vastness
Their life receiving,
Engulfed and silenced
They are no more.

d

DOWN BY THE BROOK

THE RINGDOVE'S SONG

OWN by the brook, when dawn was breaking, I heard a young maid softly sigh:
'Lonely, alas, my heart is aching!
Lonely, alas, forlorn am I!
Would that I were where flowers are waking
Sweetly under the forest bough,
Only my true love, true love, true love,
Only my true love with me now!'

Down by the brook, when day was dying,
I heard her mourn, and weeping say:
'O that the eve could end my crying!
O that my grief could die with day!
Would that I were where wings are flying
Homeward under the forest tree,
Only my true love, true love, true love,
Only my true love there with me!'

'I TO THE HILLS'

ELL-METTLED is that man for strife,
Well-armed, whatever fortune sends,
For shock, and stress, and strain of life,
Who hath the mountains for his friends.
Their flawless majesty defends
And succours when harsh fate defies,
If to this goal his musing tends:
'I to the hills will lift mine eyes!'

So comely, kingly, shapely stand
Those giants passionless and proud,
Carved by a master-sculptor's hand,
Superbly shouldered, nobly browed—
So torrent-scarred and tempest-ploughed
Their immemorial might doth rise—
His heart is humbled who hath vowed
'I to the hills will lift mine eyes!'

Who drinketh at this quickening fount, His honour standeth ever sure. Invincible his mind shall mount, Sweet-savoured be his thought and pure. He can the fangs of pain endure, The fret of tedious toil despise, Whose wounds this certain balm doth cure: 'I to the hills will lift mine eyes!'

Friend, make thine own the legend fair— No lovelier can the soul devise— In joy and sorrow, calm and care, 'I to the hills will lift mine eyes!'

SOVEREIGNTY

(For E.L.)

HEN on the world we look, and find Her striving factions all astray, Fools powerful, chained the noble mind, The wicked flourishing as bay, Then would we comfort in dismay Our souls, where else despair had been, With vision of a happier day When those are crowned who should be queen.

Then park and pleasaunce broad shall spread With smiles for eyes that hold them dear, And lawns with blossom carpeted Delight responsive thought to cheer, And birds discourse with voices clear In valleys of secluded green Song gracious for a gracious ear, When those are crowned who should be queen.

Then shall our great be great in aim
And skill to guide, and heal distress.
Their virtue shall mankind acclaim;
The rich shall bow, the poor shall bless,
The young adore, the proud confess,
The wise admire with serious mien,
The tired world sigh with thankfulness,
When those are crowned who should be queen.

And you to whom our hearts are thrall, Their lady, on your brow serene Shall wear the fairest crown of all When those are crowned who should be queen.

PROUD IN THE PRESENCE

PROUD in the presence
Of immortal pride,
Walk I where winds are born,
The mountain-side.
Where the hawk hovers
And little streams sing,
There goes my soul alone
And listening.

Here did my fathers
Watch, as watch I,
Sun-gleams that flit and fade,
Clouds that float by.
Here did their feet linger,
Stayed by the soft
Firm-folded shoulders
That lift me aloft.
Their sadness even as mine
Did find release,
Hushed in the presence
Of eternal peace.

Colours of quietness
Here flower and dwell—
Orange and russet bents,
Bog-asphodel.
The young bog-myrtle
To the heart doth call
With the most passionate
Of perfumes all.

PROUD IN THE PRESENCE

Through the bright grass the wind, Eager and fleet, Runs like a rippling flame, With viewless feet.

In the high hollows
That the sunshine fills,
Cups of clear water hide
Among the hills.
All heaven they mirror,
All the light they hold,
Deep blue at noon-tide,
In the dawn gold.
And when the darkness
Unveils the sky,
Down in their depths unplumbed
All the stars lie.

Blest in the presence
Of unaging joy,
When bowed in shadow-time
As when a boy,
Through the great solitudes
I yet would range,
And drink the old earth's calm
That knows not change.
Where starts the quick hare
And young rivers spring,
There shall my soul have rest
In worshipping.

CLIFFS AND SEA—SUMMER IN THE NORTH

THE giant bastions front the evening light
Superbandsheer, surf-battered conquerors.
About their planted feet for ever pours,
Rustles, and foams the lovely liquid might
Of the long surge, to its last drops alive,
Alert and musical. A smooth-turfed lawn,
The cliff's crest shines with sea-pinks flushed likedawn;
And all the heights along
The scillas throng

In starry clusters wild, and thyme and milkwort thrive.

Rain-burnished, tempest-blasted towers the wall Of sombre greenstone, glinting granophyre, Tunnelled in sounding caverns, where the choir Of the great surges chants, and echoes call, And lost lights glimmer. Over hidden rocks The massed froth seethes. With endless crying noise In empty air the sea-birds wheel and poise.

Like wind-borne seed in spring, So light of wing

Downtothe wave they float, and ride in countless flocks.

The sheltered inlets glisten silver-shored, Where fearless-eyed sea-creatures bask at ease. No sanctuary fairer is than these, As a child's hidden musing unexplored.

CLIFFS AND SEA-SUMMER

The wide salt wastes of watery distance, free
And uninvaded of a questing sail,
Are glazed with gold, fire-glowing, pure and pale,
As the sun seaward sinks
And his globe shrinks
Into a single point, and fades beyond the sea.

The great sea spreads away and has no bounds
But the clean, cloudless, far horizon-bow;
And in the radiance of the afterglow
Dream the clear colours of the bays and sounds.
The ever-glorifying level light
Of evening, and her sweet solemnity,
Out of the dome of heaven will not die,

But into morning melt.
Where sunset dwelt
Sunrise will blossom forth, unshadowed of the night.

A land for saints! I think Saint Brandan came
In a moon-crescent coracle of skin
Rocked on the crystal tide, and drifting in
At such a long day's end, saw all aflame
The last sun-smitten sentinel of land,
And knew at length the end of journeying there,
The blessed isle of peace, the bourne of prayer,

The goal of all his quest,
The realm of rest,

The happy realm of God, for all his hermit band.

CLIFFS AND SEA-SUMMER

And here they hauled their boat upon the beach Among the shells and rose-root, and gave thanks. And here perhaps upon the wave-worn banks To the wild things the holy man would preach; And every gentle beast, and every bird

That rides the unbridled wind, the seals, and whales, And goggling, gleaming fish (so run old tales),

> And scarts, and puffins quaint, To hear the saint

Did crowd and congregate, intent upon the Word.

Ah, northern June! untroubled solitude Of stainless waters and of virgin skies, Of flowers and wandering wings! The winds arise And softly move, sea-cool and summer-dewed. The whole world watches, waits. Its beauty seems A frame for some expected secret thing,

A revelation and a visioning

Of something heavenly— Some mystery

Of love consummate here, fulfilment of all dreams.

Here is the holy treasury that shrines The world's most precious jewel, here the place Of peace, so sought and longed for; and the grace, The loveliness, of consolation shines. As the sea-flower the sunlight, so the soul Drinks quiet; on a sea of quiet buoyed, As bird upon the billow, overjoyed

The calm of innocent And deep content

It finds, and life renewed, and all its hurt made whole.

MERRY WIND

ERRY wind that wanders by Fret me not with memory! You, a graceless truant lad Roving under all the sky; Free to race about the meadows, Free to loiter in the shadows, Owning yet what once I had—Youth and liberty!

Happy, passionless you drift,
Careless of the precious gift
For you lasting, lost for me
Bowed by burden none may shift—
Age, that steals the body's litheness,
Age, that slays the spirit's blitheness,
Fatal foe that none may flee,
Load that none may lift.

These beloved hills enfold
Fields beloved, richly rolled
To the river, still in joy
Vocal with her chime of gold.
These for ever you inherit,
Wind, melodious laughing spirit—
You, the everlasting boy,
Mocker of the old!

THREE KINDS OF MORTAL MAN

THREE kinds of mortal man there be, Children of heaven, earth, and hell. The fortune-favoured do not see, But those in trouble know them well.

One kind sees you, his fellow-man,
Thigh-deep in sorrow or in sin,
And runs as quickly as he can
To shove you down and tread you in.

The next, more mercifully made (And most of all the race are these), In office hours will give you aid—Chiefly advice—for proper fees.

But real, though rare, is kind the third,
Who—may God's mercy keep him whole!—
By inward impulse queerly stirred
Will leave his lunch to save your soul.

AN EPIGRAM

AFTER PLATO

HOU, mine own star Lookest toward the stars that fill the skies. Would I were Heaven, To gaze on thee with all those countless eyes!

ANOTHER EPIGRAM OF PLATO

And life you shone.

Now as the evening-star among the shades,

Dead, you shine on.

OUT OF THE FOREST

UT of the forest, under the moon,
The song all singers have joined to praise
Haunts the heart with a tender tune,
Lights and fades in the leafy ways.

Foam-white glimmers the flowering thorn In starlight, May in its honied breath. One voice out of it night-wind-born Eager and vibrant uttereth.

Farther, one from the grove of pines
Throbs and trembles, where in the glade
The small, faint lamp of the glow-worm shines
Deep in the gloom of the fragrant shade.

Mingled these in beauty, a third
Like a bell's fine over-tone, so high
And soft and clear, thrills hardly heard—
A fairy flute from the distant sky.

O happy listener, how they fill
The night, these voices, and float and blend!
Can you hear them, I wonder, still
There in the land of shadows, friend?

Like a grain of gold, like a point of light Quivers that note; as a single star Shines to tranced eyes through timeless night Of waste space, infinitely far.

OUT OF THE FOREST

So perhaps to the land unknown
The tidings come, star-sweet, scarce-heard;
Echo of music once your own—
Word of the spring, and our love's word.

The dead we love were lovers of joy.
With joy they moved in their hour of sun.
In time of joy, by the strength of joy,
From sun to shadow a path is won.

Surely, if life be given them there
Of shadow, or light we look not for,
The joy they knew they shall turn to share,
The dead we love, and be ours once more.

THE WRESTLER

VER the stream the patient feet pass on Of every living thing,
Obedient in its joy and suffering,
And now are gone.
Hushed is the night upon the wilderness.
The quiet waters of the brook go by,
And sound unceasingly.
Cold is the vagrant wind's caress;
Unbounded, as unseen, the vast of starless sky.
Thou strong antagonist, or friend or foe,
With thee in darkness I am left alone.
O thou unknown, I will not let thee go!
Except thou bless, I will not let thee go!

Lung-bursting grief, heart-wrenching pain of strife! Weak hands that grope and slip, that clasp and cling! Limbs water-weak, eyes blinded, ears that sing, Sweat, tears, toil aching, gasping ebb of life! How can I hold, or stay, or strive with thee? My strength is spilled, and thine a fathomless sea. Fast fainting, hopeless in thy grasp I grow. I will not let thee go! Except thou bless, I will not let thee go!

Man, son of man, and all mankind am I.
Out of the deep I cry,
Out of the torment of mine agony,
I will not fail, nor die!

THE WRESTLER

Though thy fierce power appal, though I be frail,
That throttling grip shall choke me not, nor throw.
For the world's sake that thou dost torture so
I will not die, nor fail!

For all life, bleak with toil and black with woe, I will not let thee go! Except thou bless, I will not let thee go!

Art thou a friend, whose fearful hands oppress?
Art thou a foe, whose touch yet quickens thus?
Wilt thou at last reveal thyself, and bless
With the whole might with which thou rendest us?
Or ruthless friend thou be, or pitiless foe,
I still will fight thee so.

Thy life I wrest from thee, and mine do make, And will not let thee go!

Till darkness melt away, and morning break, I hold thee yet! I will not let thee go!

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PEACE

If we had loved you, peace, we might have saved! If we had sought, we might have found and freed! We let the blind guides lead,

The crooked rule, and you are yet enslaved.
Our wealth, our pride we loved; we served our fear;
Nor shall that bless us which we held not dear.

If we had prized, the world might know you then! The clamour of the impetuous trumpet cries Under the lowering skies,

And 'War on earth' it chants, 'ill will to men'.

By our wise deeds undone, true words unspoken,
Our children's hearts are pierced, their homes are
broken.

IN MEMORY

E knew the terrible beach, the hopeless hill;
And knew the burning sands
Of those, the cruel lands,
Age-old in craft to torture and to kill.
He knew the shattering strain, the mortal fears,
Of France and Flanders though the sour dark years.

Full burden did he bear, beyond his share

Paid, of free will.

But now not there, and by these foes not slain, Is laid his broken body, yet again Given, in scorn of pain.

In a far place, in a strange place, it lies.

The sun himself is here A stranger half the year

To wastes of snow and melancholy skies.

The unending armies of the sombre pines
Are ranged. The faint, remote Aurora shines.

Dumbness and deadly cold the world enfold.

Life sleeps, or dies.
You that for silence longed in battle-press,
Here silence is, at least; and after stress
The calm of loneliness.

Sleep, then! In life your gifts you never weighed;
Nor ever now would you,
As a friend's pain may do,
Cry out, rebellious, 'Wasted!' You obeyed
As gladly this as every earlier call,
Counting no cost whatever fate might fall.

For not for one sole thing an offering
Of self you made
To her, your land, her very life to feed;
Your all was wholly hers, to serve indeed
Her slightest, fancied need.

Sleep on! though to the frost-locked world a stir Come, and a quickening,
And wind on boisterous wing
Surge through the forest, spilling from the fir
Her branchy burden soft of gleaming snow;
Though the sun, mounting, ever warmer glow,
And the earth feel his strength, until at length
Spring call to her;
And rivers burst their bonds, and forward free

And rivers burst their bonds, and forward, free, Full-swollen sweep toward the polar sea, And life awakened be.

Sleep on, through summers when wild violet blows,
And clustered marsh-flower bright,
And rowan, and the white
Rock-cherry, shining like the vanished snows.
Sleep on, while sunward leaf and tendril climb
With tireless eager growth, in radiant time
When heaven knows no shades, nor the blue fades,
Nor a star shows.

The days that are the seasons dawn and die While the earth lives; but touch not, passing by, The peace wherein you lie. Ah, friend, of sleep, of peace, why do I prate? Death is a mystery

Of darkness, that no eye

Loving, or wise, can ever penetrate. That far land holds indeed the worthless clay;

But you have passed upon the shadowed way, And now you may be nought, or beyond thought

Inviolate.

And if your mind turn worldward any more, Plains better-loved I think it searches for, And your own southern shore.

In death's blank face and blind, what words avail? Yet take one word, my friend, Of thanks, to grace the end

Of pleasant converse, you who did not fail In fortitude nor faithfulness, heart-whole In courteous dealing, of a gentle soul,

Of just and tranquil mind, and true, and kind.

Now the good tale Is ended, closed the volume and put by; The chords melodious into quiet die, And are a memory.

AS IN THE EVENING

S in the evening of life,
So in the evening of day,
All the hot fever and horror of strife
Fades like a shadow and passes away.
Sunset, with dreamy and aureate fingers,
Quiet and kind,
Bathing, enchanting its barrenness, lingers
On the high hill-track behind.
Over the lowland upwells
Night with her purple and slumbering spells—
Infinite solace and peace of oblivion
Crowning the twilight where memory dwells.

THE POET'S HEART AFRET

HE poet's heart afret
With half-heard song,
With formless fancies frail,
With thoughts that throng
And, disembodied shades,
Battle and cry for birth,
No sweet of quietness
Can taste, on earth.

His dreams his masters are,
And he their slave.
Urgent and arrogant
His toil they crave.
Unsparing, sleepless, they
Impose their cruel pride;
And scorn his effort still,
Unsatisfied.

WORDS THAT SPEAK

ORDS that speak, and sounds that sing,
Scents of sudden beauty rare,
To the spirit entering
Joy and pain do bear.

Winds that whisper, days that die, Shadow, distance, lighted sky, Loveliest tranquillity Glad unspeakably,

Poignant-sweet they spring and shine.
Spirit meeteth everywhere,
In its moment of divine,
More than it can bear.

In the heart of quiet blest, Yet for joy it cannot rest, But toward the unknown doth reach With passion beyond speech.



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